

French Fries by CasaByers

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Summary:

Nancy has interesting french fry opinions.

French Fries

Author's Note:

this is just quick, silly and fun!

Nancy was resting her chin on her palm as her elbow rested on the table top as she read over the history book, her eyes never leaving the pages of the worn book. The only noise from the other diner patrons holding light conversations around her. Her right hand was the only thing moving, she had a fry eating method down perfectly, she didn't even have to look:

1. pick up a fry from her basket of fries, hot and crisp.
2. carefully lift one from the basket.
3. move it over only a few inches.
4. dunk it into the chocolate shake.
5. Bring the fry to her lips.
6. take a small bite of the fry.
7. and repeat.

Her system was almost perfect and allowed her to read through her book and eat her fries.

She paused though, when she felt like she was being watched, she looked up, smiled slightly and then furrowed her brow at who was sitting across from her.

"something wrong with your fries?" Nancy asked.

Jonathan was sitting there, basket of fries in front of him, glass of coke next to it, bottle of ketchup gripped in his hand. He had this look on his face, although he always had sort of a deep expression on his face, he seemed confused.

"no no... my fries are okay," he said, never taking his eyes off her.

"okay... what's going on?" Nancy asked.

Jonathan's dropped to her basket of fries and then he looked at his own, "nothing, sorry, just got lost in thought." He gave her a little

grin and went back to squeezing a neat pool of ketchup next to his fries.

Nancy shrugged and picked up a fry and dunked it into her shake, Jonathan set the ketchup down, quickly.

“does that actually taste good?” Jonathan finally asked.

Nancy looked surprised, he wasn’t mad, but he seemed annoyed.

“what?” she asked, genuinely confused.

Jonathan pointed to the fry in her hand, “you keep dipping your fry in your shake.”

Nancy furrowed her brow, “yes... that’s how I eat my fries...”

“don’t you like ketchup?” he asked, almost desperately.

Nancy sat up fully, “yes, but when I get a chocolate shake I like to dip... you okay?”

Jonathan sighed now he looked embarrassed, “sorry, it’s just... gross?” he said.

Nancy looked surprised, she saw him squint as if he was expecting her to explode. Instead she just smiled, “have you ever tried it?” she asked.

Jonathan shook his head, “never thought about it, besides I always order a vanilla shake or a coke.” He gave a shrug,

“well how can you say it’s gross if you have never had it before?” she countered.

Jonathan smirked and leaned towards her across the table in the booth, “it’s chocolate and fries, it’s not supposed to-“

He stopped talking because Nancy had taken a shake dipped fry and stuffed it into his mouth. He was startled but chewed and swallowed the bite.

Nancy smiled at him, “what do you think?” she asked.

Jonathan looked at her, and then he leaned back and started to slide out of the booth.

Nancy looked worried, “wait... was it that bad? Don’t leave...” Nancy was about ready to follow him as she watched him get out of the booth.

But to her surprise, and relief, he simply sat on her side and slide in nice and close.

“so, does this only work with chocolate shakes?” he asked as he reached for his own fry and dunked it into the shake before he took a bite.

Nancy stuck her tongue out at him before she leaned and pressed a quick kiss to his lips.

“you’re silly, next thing you’ll be doing is attacking my love of pineapple on pizza,” Nancy said as she let him feed her a fry.

Jonathan gave her a look, “hey, we all know that is delicious,” he laughed lightly, and Nancy elbowed his side gently.

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